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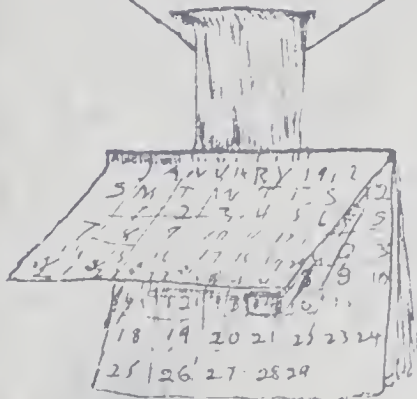
Emma Woolton

1912

# THE ZEPHYRUS

ASTORIA, OREGON

FEBRUARY, 1912



Printed at THE OWL PRINTERY, Astoria, Oregon

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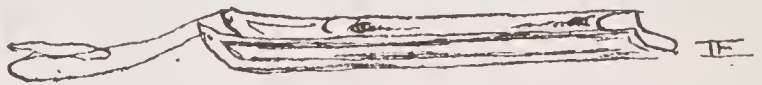
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# THE ZEPHYRUS



Published by Students of the Astoria High School, Astoria, Oregon

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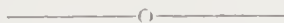
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Occasionally it becomes necessary for the management of a paper to have a plain talk with its contributors as to its appreciation of their efforts, of their points of excellency and *vice versa*, as well as to the duties which they owe to themselves, to the paper, and to the school.

We have appreciated the hearty response to our call for best efforts in the literary department and find that many of the stories possess points of real literary merit. We have had many stories dealing with the lower strata of life in which there was considerable of character study. These are valuable, but may we not receive just as many and of just as good quality, of a gentler nature? We very much like "The Virgin of the Rose" and the "Legend of the Snowflakes," both original.

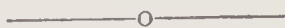
Let our contributors bear in mind the full import of the term *original*. A story taken from another's work is not original. The appropriating of another's literary work without due credit to the true source is plagiarism. Plagiarism is literary theft, and literary theft is just as bad as any other kind of theft.

We are glad to say that the story entitled "The Original Happy" of our last issue, and written by a pupil who recently entered our school, was not intentional plagiarism. The pupil under whose signature the story was published, had been told the story and was ignorant of the fact that it had been published before. Nevertheless, such a publication going out from our school does not redound to our credit, and this instance should serve to cause our contributors to be doubly careful concerning the "label" of any contributions presented.

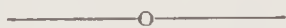


Does the Astoria High School wish the short noon period? What will be gained by this? If the forty-minute lunch period is given to the High School, it will be inconvenient for many. Under such regulations any pupils who go home for lunch now, will have to carry their lunches. It is true that by this arrange-

ment pupils get out at half past two but the noon hour would have to be sacrificed.



The students have surely proved their school spirit by their enthusiastic support of the recent debate. The size of the audience showed that a great deal of diligence in the sale of tickets for that future High School "doings" will receive as much patronage.



Why not learn to conduct yourself properly at school? There are a few who think they can make themselves prominent by "loudness," by acting boisterously in the hall and different rooms. Such pupils may be known to all the students by this; but can we think that it brings them honor and respect? Again, there are a few who are too familiar with one another; in other words, they have arrived at the foolish love affairs state. This conduct will not raise the standard of the school. In later years the participants in such affairs usually regret them, but it is too late to remedy them.



In order to increase the number of subscribers and to keep the Alumni in touch with their classmates and also High School affairs, we have decided to publish each month in the Alumni Notes, the name of one member, if possible, from each class since the organization of the High School. We have written letters to the different Alumni in regard to this matter and hope that this plan will meet with their approval and that they may desire the Zephyrus monthly.





## CUPID PLAYS HAVOC.

**J**IMMY CRANFORD was in love. And when one is in love with so pretty a girl as Dot Kennedy, he wants to give her an extra nice valentine.

For a week Jimmy had been racking his brains, when all of a sudden he hit upon the plan which he carried out to the fullest extent, on the evening before St. Valentine's Day.

Perhaps it was fate, and perhaps it was a trick of Dan Cupid that made Dot's old maid aunt, Miss Tabatha Balberry, come on February the thirteenth, for a visit to the Kennedy family, but no one will ever know what it was that made Dot give up her pleasant, sunny room to her aunt during her short stay.

On the night of Aunt Tabatha's arrival, the family retired early. Aunt Tabatha, on reaching Dot's room, arranged her curl papers to satisfaction, pulled her night cap over ears, looked under the bed and immediately dropped off to sleep.

Suddenly she was awakened by a most peculiar sound. She did not know how long she had been asleep. The moon had traveled over the sky so as to leave her windows in the shadow.

Everything was quite except that now and then a peculiar "thrum, thrum" was heard without the window, then without warning, a deep voice sang out into the night air. Tabatha Balberry had always had an aversion to men, and now she was panic-stricken.

Most gingerly she put one foot out of bed, expecting it to be grabbed from beneath at any moment. She stood in the middle of the room, her curl papers shaking with terror, her teeth might have chattered but then—well, Aunt Tabatha's teeth always reposed calmly on the dresser at night.

Then the noise ceased as suddenly as it had commenced. Tabatha stood tensely in the same spot, until again it sounded from without her window. Why, the voice was singing love songs to her! Aunt Tabatha's heart gave an extra beat and as the impassioned declarations from without sounded in her ears, it began to flutter most violently. Who could it be? She knew of no one but the deacon at home. Had she unconsciously made an impression on some man? Yes, surely, she had. She was delighted. Oh! what was that—she fled ex-

citedly to the corner of the room. Something dark had been hurled through the window, straight at her. She wondered what it could be. She eyed the object with terror. A sudden fear seized her, that maybe he was an anarchist. Again, there was a bomb in the middle of her room ready to explode at any moment. She clapped her hands over her ears and shut her eyes tightly, awaiting the end. She tried to think how long it took a bomb to go off. This one certainly took an awful long time. Oh! an idea flashed across her brain, maybe she could wet it up a little before it got a chance to explode. Gingerly she advanced toward the enemy. She shut her eyes and poured a little water over the instrument of death. Then she opened her eyes. Why, it wasn't a bomb at all; she knelt down and picked up a most beautiful bouquet of roses. The voice from without began to sing: "I love you, I love you." Aunt Tabatha's heart nearly popped out of her mouth this time. The poor man! She certainly had misjudged him. She ran to the dresser and put her teeth in their proper place, gave her curl papers an unconscious pat, and it was a good thing that it was dark, for Aunt Tabatha was blushing like a sixteen-year-old school girl.

Then she went over to the half-opened window. The flowers draped artistically over one arm and with her eyes all expectant—she hoped he was a blonde—Aunt Tabatha liked blondes the best—and peered out. There was no one there.

Let me say that Miss Tabatha Balberry was a Spiritualist. At first she was chagrined at seeing no one, perhaps he had gone. No, he hadn't, for she still heard the "thrum, thrum" of his mandolin. Then at last she knew it was a spirit from the other world. Aunt Tabatha could boast of only one lover and this was a Scotch sea captain, Davey McGregor by name, and he had been dead for twenty years. Her first thought was of him. She knew he would come back. Mrs. Kennedy could no longer laugh her to scorn. She was being visited by a real spirit.

Dear McGregor! How he must have loved her, she thought, to sing thus to her. How delightful of him to bring the flowers! She wondered if they came from paradise. A sudden thought made her stop, that wasn't McGregor's voice; he had a broad Scotch accent, and the only instrument he ever played was the bagpipe. This confused her for a moment, but then, she thought, "Years will change a person."

Nothing daunted, still supposing it was the long lost McGregor, she stepped to the window and listened to the song, "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey," sang out the voice. A sudden terror seized Tabatha. "What if the spirit should try to come up to see her!" It was an unpleasant feeling to love a spirit that you couldn't see, come floating up and in at the window to hold a conversation with one.

Oh! Yes, she could scare him away. He was evidently right beneath the window. She seized the water pitcher once more and splashed the contents without. It happened that the night was not so far spent as Tabatha imagined, and the young minister just returning from a church social was passing beneath the window, just as Aunt Tabatha was in the act of drenching the spirit of Davey McGregor.

McGregor must have seen it coming, for the unsuspecting minister received the drenching. Above the window Tabatha heard a masculine friend emitting sounds that led her to suspect that Davey McGregor was not enjoying the gardens of Paradise as she had supposed.

She again became terrified and started to pour more water, but just then a light dawned on her. Water wouldn't do any good, for the old sea captain took to water like a duck. She put her hands to her head in perplexity, when she saw the beautiful bouquet. Surely those were the evil flowers. She picked them up gingerly on the end of a poker, threw them out of the window; then banged it down after them, and with a little hop which was very agile for Aunt Tabatha's prinness. She landed plump in the middle of the bed, where she covered up her head and ears to all serenading spirits and soon, in spite of her fears, she was sound asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

A quarter of an hour later poor Jimmy, his limbs cramped and stiff and his heart in a most deplorable state, climbed down from the big tree, just outside the window and walked dejectedly home, only to sit moodily by the fire and wonder why Dot had thrown out his flowers, and in what way his serenading had offended her.

With a mournful sigh he crawled into bed, resolving to make things right with right in the morning, even if he had to buy out the whole florist's shop. D. E.

## A VALENTINE STORY.

**S**AMMY YATZ KOPLEY, a Polish Jew of the age of ten, had been rash enough to fall in love and the object of his tender affections was a dainty little American girl named Susie Worthington, who attended the same ward school in New York. At the same time a small, plain little piece of femininity named Rebecca had made Sammy her idol, so here are all the elements of a romance in juvenile high life.

Sammy had never had an opportunity to express his affection for Susie, for she had an air of aristocracy and exclusiveness that kept him at a distance; to be sure, she was not above accepting an orange or a stick of candy that Sammy might earn, literally "by the sweat of his brow," for his family was poor, but as to being seen in public with him, or in the walk to and from school—not Susie. Rebecca, however, although perfectly willing to receive any of his attention, was openly flouted.

Time went on and St. Valentine's Day drew near. For weeks Sammy had been surreptitiously earning and saving every cent that he could. Yes, "surreptitiously," for anything his parents knew him to receive went into the family exchequer, so for the purchase of the gorgeous valentine he had in mind for Susie, the money must be obtained without their knowledge of his receiving it. He piled wood, he shoveled snow, he ran errands, until, by February the 13th he had accumulated a whole dollar. Immediately after school, the most beautiful combination of lace paper, red hearts and gilt arrows that could be purchased was received in exchange for Sammy's accumulation. A stray dime bought an embossed envelope and stamp. As he left the store with still a nickel in his possession, his eye caught a display of "comic valentines" at one cent each. "Perhaps," he said to himself, "if I should send one of the most distasteful of these to Rebecca, she would know that I do not care for her and would cease her leap year attentions which annoy me so much." He bought an exaggerated picture of a hideous old maid with the words printed beneath, "This is the way you will look." Growing more infatuated with his scheme, he bought another embossed envelope, the counterpart of the one he had bought for Susie, to give poor Rebecca the impression that she was receiving a beautiful valentine—another stamp, and he hurried home.

After supper it was impossible to get a moment alone, but at bedtime he succeeded in securing the family pen and ink, which he carried to his room. He spread out his treasures, put "From Sammy" on each one, addressed and stamped the envelopes, and at that critical moment he heard his mother's step on the stairs. Hurriedly he slipped the valentines into their envelopes, sealed them, hid them under his pillow, and hurried to bed. The next morning he arose early and carried his mail to the nearest letter box and deposited it. The day at school passed pleasantly, expectation was in the air. Susie, Sammy thought, seemed kinder, and Rebecca too kind. In the afternoon all hurried home to see what the mail had brought them.

Sammy was up early the next morning. By eight o'clock he was walking in front of Susie's door. His heart gave a thump, the door opened, and Susie came down the steps looking sweeter than ever, Sammy thought. As she passed he raised his hand to tip his hat, but Susie ignored him! Her little nose was tilted high in the air. She did not speak to Sammy again. He could not understand it until Rebecca thanked him for that "lovely valentine." Susie had "This is the way you will look," and Rebecca the fruits of that hard earned dollar. He never had a chance to explain, for Susie never looked at him again, but Rebecca hangs on his every word.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

J. M. G.



Act I, Scene I—Tong Sing and Skee (enter Stone).

Then Stone turned to Sing,

Skee turned to Stone,

Sing turned to both.

## THE TOMAHAWK OF CLADAWA CHUCK.

**Y**EARS ago a small band of Chinook Indians made its way from the southeastern part of Alaska into Canada. After undergoing a great deal of hardship and danger, the tribe, numbering perhaps a hundred, settled at the source of a small Canadian stream.

Soon after their arrival, the chief, Close Sun by name, meaning "happy day," died, leaving as his successor his son Cladawa Chuck, or Running Waters, who was a very small boy. In the village there was an old medicine man to whom Cladawa Chuck soon learned to go for stories. And exciting tales they were, some of the bravery and daring of the ancestors of the race, others of their wealth, reckoned by the number of scalps and furs obtained by them. Especially rich was the man who might secure a white scalp, according to the medicine man.

The tribe possessed an ancient relic in the shape of a tomahawk. It was a very peculiar weapon made of stone and having on one side odd signs, still discernible. These as translated by the old medicine man, meant, "He who breaks faith, breaks me, and the freedom of his race." It was the custom of the tribe to give this tomahawk into the keeping of their chief, where it remained until his death, when it was bestowed upon the next chief. As Cladawa Chuck was their present chief, he was to receive the relic of the tribe, the reception to be an occasion for festivities and merrymaking.

After the tomahawk was given him and the accompanying ceremonies concluded, the small brave, not more than eleven years old, insisted on using his new plaything; for as such he regarded it. This was an unheard of thing, for never in the history of the tribe, so the old man explained, had the tomahawk been used except for deeds of bravery and daring when great strength was needed. Wonderful, exciting tales of the origin and some of the history of the tomahawk were told; those not wholly imaginary were wholly superstitious. Their purpose was to show Cladawa Chuck his folly in wishing to play with a relic almost sacred.

Although the boy promised not to use the treasure except when necessity demanded, a plan was occasioned by the stories which had been related, entered his mind, for had they not said that in the more prosperous days of the tribe that one of his ancestors was the wealthiest of the tribe because he possessed



a fair-haired scalp? Hadn't he, Cladawa Chuck, seen a small girl, with light hair and a white face, running around in the woods? He, as chief of the tribe, was going to be the richest of its men.

The girl was Dorothy Clain, the daughter of a white settler who was clearing and cultivating a piece of land not far from the Indian camp. The Indians had never been hostile, so Dorothy was allowed to run about as she wished.

One day as she was bending over some wild flowers, which she had discovered in the woods, her head was pulled backward by a violent jerk of her hair. The girl's only thought was to get away, so she threw herself forward with all her might. There was a queer sound of cutting which in some way freed her. She quickly jumped to her feet and ran, but, however, she cast a quick glance backward and saw an Indian boy running after her. He was about her own height, while in one hand he grasped a handful of her light hair, and in the other a sinister looking weapon. She spent no more time looking back, but ran as fast as she could to where she knew her father was at work slashing.

Cladawa Chuck was so intent upon getting the scalp that he did not notice where he was being led until a hand was laid heavily upon his shoulder and some one was talking to him in a strange tongue. In his fright Cladawa Chuck dropped his tomahawk. Dorothy's father called to his helper, who had some knowledge of the language used by the Chinook Indians. Cladawa Chuck's story was finally known. The settler thought it a good joke, although it almost proved to be a disastrous one. He then took from his pocket a coin which shone in the sun and gave it to the boy, explaining that it was the white man's money and also that he would give Cladawa Chuck more if he would come and help with the work. The would-be warrior promised that he would come and work. In the meantime Dorothy was ruefully regarding her damaged hair.

Cladawa Chuck started to pick up his tomahawk to return home, but the tomahawk was broken in half, for as it fell it hit a stone. Thus the inscription on the side had come true: for in using it for other purposes than daring or brave deeds, Cladawa Chuck had broken faith, and had certainly broken the tomahawk, while in accepting work from the white man the boy had entered into a kind of servitude, which in a way broke his former freedom, if not that of his race.

B. McG.

## WHAT YOU AND I CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

“Where man’s trained senses fail to apprehend.”

—*Browning.*

THERE were three moving figures on the long narrow street. A bakery wagon with its round-faced driver, was rattling along, a shriveled woman carrying a baby in her arms, both dressed cheaply, the woman in a calico dress and the child in threadbare woolen. Behind them a man was sauntering. He wore a pair of dirty, coarse trousers, a black and white shirt, and a hat and coat which once might have been black. A straggling beard covered his face, unkempt hair hung over the high and broad forehead; the prominent nose separated a pair of steel grey eyes which were expressionless; his large cheek bones were made more noticeable by the hollows beneath them.

On seeing him, we should call him a man of the under strata, one who was down and out and hungry. Hungry! You and I, if you are you and I am I, are well fed men of the business world. We go from home to office, from office to home, and are what the people of the world call clean-cut American business men. Sometimes we see one of these men which you and I call “bums,” but do we know what it is to be a “bum” and hungry? You and I might say “Yes,” for we have gone a whole day without food, when our office work was heavy; and when we have arrived at home dinner was delayed on account of late delivery; then you and I stormed. But to get back to the “bum.” He had been hungry and starving a whole week except for the food that he had picked up from the street. But he was coming to the end; he knew he could not stand it very much longer. That morning he had cried out to the unknown for help. He had seen a woman carrying a child and had followed because he did not have anything else to do. His eyes saw a safety pin, with which the woman’s collar was fastened, and he walked, his eyes staring at the pin, which seemed to change as he walked. It changed to a snake, which stuck its head out at him. He saw scenes of his youth and of Hades; and as he walked the pain grew less. You and I might say his mind was wandering, we did not see such things when we were hungry. He walked down the narrow street, his feet dragging behind those of the woman who had her collar fastened by the safety pin. One of his torn shoes struck an object and he looked down.

You and I would have passed on, but to him the object meant life. He picked it up and ate it; it was a piece of raw rat-eaten meat from the butcher shop that had been carried out and dropped by a dog. Instead of satisfying him, it brought back all of his yearnings for food and he stumbled along with his head bent.

He stopped, his gray eyes lighted up and he looked around. He then bent over and quickly picked up a dollar. Putting it into his pocket, he started to walk faster, for he had found life and had forgotten all about the lady with the safety pin. He was going to the nearest place that had food.

"Say!" He turned and the little haggard lady with the child stood before him. "Have you found a dollar?"

The man clasped the money in his hand and shook his head.

The woman gave a gasp. "I lost it; it was for food for us," nodding her head toward the child.

"Food!"

"Yes, we ain't had anything to eat for two days. A man gave it to us."

She walked unsteadily past him, looking for the lost coin. The man stood looking after her, not knowing what to do. His hunger was growing and his head swam. He started to walk in the opposite direction. When he had gone but a few steps, he heard sobs and, turning around, he saw the woman looking for the coin, with tears streaming down her wrinkled face. The safety pin seemed to mock at him by sending out food which changed to beautifully colored snakes.

The woman's sobs seemed to increase his hunger. He took a few steps and did what you and I might have done if we could understand.

S. W.



Mr. C.—"George, what animals thrive in Arctic regions?"

G. B.—"Those that are well supplied with fur, fat and oil."

## THE ATONEMENT OF TIM MONTCRAFT.

**I**N a fertile valley in the western part of the United States there lived a man of forty-five years whose name was Tim Montcraft. He was short, neither homely nor handsome. His eyes had a kindly expression, yet they at times gave a wild appearance. This, very likely, was caused by his being subject to strokes of epilepsy. But the village people thought him to be an opium fiend.

Many years previous he was accused of forgery, and to prove his innocence he expended his entire fortune. In poverty he left his relatives and his home in the city and came to this little valley, Hillsdale, where he earned his living by means of raising strawberries, which he delivered to merchants in the nearest city, Tehama, fifteen miles distant.

The road to Tehama over which he had to travel was very rugged, and as he had only one horse and it was blind, his trips were wearisome.

One hot day as he was conveying his berries to the city he was suddenly seized by an attack of his malady. When he recovered he saw that he was in a dangerous position, near the edge of a precipice, and as he was still nervous and weak, he drew the inside rein—then down into the canyon below went the blind horse, the wagon and the unfortunate man.

After a while a touring car happened to stop near the fatal spot; one of the passengers, a beautiful young girl, stepped out and walked briskly down the slope in search of a place where their lunch could be spread. One shriek brought the rest of the party to the place where the man and the horse lay, not far from where the speechless girl crouched.

As the man had fallen on the horse, he was not injured, although bruised and in a deep swoon; the horse, however, was dead. By inquiring of a pedestrian, the tourists found out where Mr. Montcraft lived (his name being on the strawberry crates); so he was taken safely to his home.

When he regained his strength Helen, his niece, also rescuer, was sitting by his bedside. They were very glad to see each other, as she was but a mere child when he left their home. She told him that she had been looking for him ever since she learned of the horrible death of his twin brother, John Montcraft, the real forger and the opium fiend.

L. L.

"THE THREE TWINS" (Adapted).

In form and feature, face and limb,  
We sisters grew so like each other  
That folks got taking me for them,  
And each one for another.  
It puzzled all our kith and kin,  
It reached a fearful pitch;  
For all of us was born a twin,  
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,  
Before our names were fix'd,  
As we were being washed by nurse  
We got completely mix'd;  
And thus you see, by Fate's decree,  
Or, rather, nurse's whim,  
Carrie got christened me,  
And I got christened Jennie.

Our close resemblance turned the tide  
Of our domestic life;  
For somehow one intended bride  
Became the other fellow's wife.  
In fact, year after year, the same  
Absurd mistake went on,  
And when Jennie died, the neighbors came  
And buried me.

—E. L. R., '14.



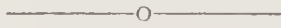
## SCHOOL NOTES.

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The second semester for the present school year commenced Monday, February 5. As the examinations are now over, each student is in a fair position to resume his studies, either a step higher than last term or on the same level. The students in the latter class, those who had not done what was required of them last term, have returned with a determination to repair their loss and make up for lost

time with doubled effort. Along with other fortunes and misfortunes incident to the opening of a term, Mr. Crockett had an opportunity to show his power and skill in military tactics and evolution of large bodies; for he was called upon to appease the fears of the incoming "rucks." After much persuasion and much maneuvering, he succeeded in arraying the aforementioned "rucks" in a most formidable body in the assembly room, presenting an appearance of injured pride and an intense desire to "get even." As usual, they fear the might and power of the so-called old-timers, but nothing has yet happened to disturb their tranquility.



The Wauregan Society seem to be taking the initiative in all matters connected with inter-society work, such as debate and athletics. Last year that society challenged and beat the Adelprians at debate. This year while basketball is at its height, the Wauregans "got the jump" on the others by discussing the prospects for a team and electing a manager for a boys' and girls' team at the last election. The live wires of the other societies have taken up the matter of forming basketball teams and arranging a series of inter-society games. From the interest now being taken, these games will prove to be fully as interesting and exciting as the class games that are now being played.

The debate between the Astoria High School and The Dalles High School



took place Friday evening, January 27. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That the United States Government Should Establish a Parcels Post, as Advocated by Former Postmaster General Meyer." Each school was represented by two teams, one on the affirmative and the other on the negative side of the question. The Astoria High School's affirmative team met and defeated the negative team from The Dalles in Astoria, and Astoria's negative team was defeated at The Dalles by the affirmative team of that city. As these debates resulted in a tie between the two schools, another debate was held in Portland Saturday, February 10, to determine who should remain in the field to contest for further honors in debating. Unfortunately, Astoria lost, but the students are not discouraged; they are, to the contrary, entirely satisfied with the endeavors put forth by the members of both teams, and they are more than ever determined to try again. The members of the team are: Affirmative, Emma Wootten, Esther Jeffers and John Granberg; negative, Gearhart Larson, William Wootten and George Rieffe.

Through the courtesy of the board of trustees of the Presbyterian Church, the debate in Astoria was held in that building. Rev. W. S. Gilbert acted as chairman for the occasion. Before the debate the audience had the pleasure of hearing two excellent musical numbers, selections by Miss Campbell and a vocal solo by Mrs. J. T. Allen.

The whole affair, from beginning to end, proved very successful. From the time that Mr. Gilbert took the chair to the rebuttal of the negative, the audience was more than attentive. The musical selections were well rendered, and each speaker put forth his best efforts for the decision. When the debate was over all present returned to their various homes conscious of the fact that they had spent an evening that was educational.

After the debate the teachers of the high school entertained the debaters at a banquet at Hoefler's. By special request Mr. Hoefler had laid covers for twenty. All present enjoyed the occasion. Those present were the visiting team and coach, the Astoria team, Mr. Anders of the Washington High School of Portland, Rev. Wm. S. Gilbert of Astoria, Miss Emma C. Warren, county school superintendent; Mr. Stone, principal of the high school, and the teachers of the high school.



### ADELPHIAN.

As this year marks the advent of Dickens' centennial, the Adelphian Literary Society held a "Dickens Program." A sketch of the author's life was given, in addition to summaries of his most important works. Selections from his works were read so as to give each phase of his writings prominence. The whole program was very interesting, and those listening felt that Dickens was brought out in a new light to them.

---

### WAUREGAN.

The Wauregan Society met for its last time last semester, on January 25, 1912. The last meeting of the first semester having been chosen "Oregon Day" at the previous meeting, the program was very suitable for the day. Many historical as well as local papers were read.

The officers elected for the second semester are: William Wootten, President; John Crockett, Vice President; Esther Jeffers, Secretary and Treasurer; Lloyd Hammerstrom, Editor.

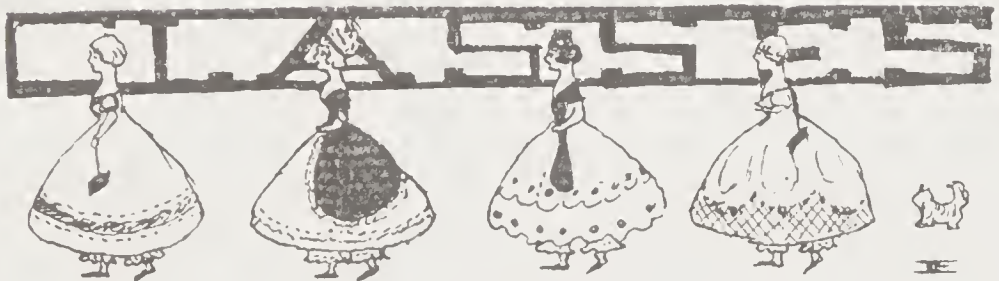
Rose O'Farrel was chosen captain and manager of the girls' team, and Timon Torkelson was elected captain and manager of the boys' team.

After the program, Mr. Danielson, an alumnus and ex-president of our society, gave us a pleasant little talk.

---

### ALFREDIAN.

The Alfredian Society held its regular meeting on Friday, January 25. Officers for the new year were nominated and a good program was rendered, a feature of which was the double quartet, composed of Misses Virginia Peterson, Violet Fastabend, Leola Ball and Dorothy Epping, and Messrs. Sherman, Mitchell, Russell Fox, Gearhart Larsen and Robert Malarkey.



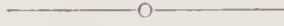
### SENIOR NOTES.

The "Senior" boys have certainly taken their part in football this year, for Gearhart Larsen, Louis Malagamba, Victor Moore and William Wootten will receive "A" sweaters, which they rightly deserve; for they have worked hard to acquire honor for the school.

But football is not the only thing we have taken such an interest in, for we are well represented in the debating team; for Esther Jeffers, John Granberg,

William Wootten and Gearhart Larsen are all on the team.

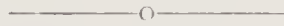
The girls' basket ball team had a game with the Juniors, but on account of insufficient practice we lost the game.



### JUNIOR NOTES.

The Junior class has certainly proved that it is enthusiastic over debate by the support its members have given, for they sold a very large number of tickets.

The class expects to give a number of functions during the coming semester. Some will probably be in the social line while others will be for the raising of funds that are always necessary for the success of their plans.



### SOPHOMORE NOTES.

The basket ball game of the nineteenth, played by the Junior and Sophomore girls, was won by the latter. The score was five to one.

The class flower is the same as that of the class of 1911, the red rose.

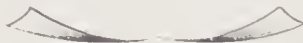


### FRESHMEN NOTES.

The Freshmen class for this year is a very large one, so there are many prospective plans for picnics and walkouts. As the spring advances, Freshmen will lead all the other classes in this line, but we shall work hard in our school work, too. A meeting will be called soon to elect officers for the coming semester.

"Watch us grow and go."

That's our motto.





# Ath- letics

## BASKET BALL.

### JUNIOR GIRLS VS. SENIOR GIRLS.

On Friday, January 12, the Junior girls defeated the Senior girls in a game of basket ball by a score of 7 to 4. The first half was a walkover for the Juniors, but in the second half the Seniors strengthened and made things hum for a while. The stars for the Seniors were Virginia Peterson and Esther Jeffers, while the guarding of Johanna Nielson was exceptionally good. The ones who did the work for the Juniors were Anna Thompson, Caroline Waterhouse and Elva Staples. The line-up:

Seniors—	Position	Juniors—
Esther Jeffers.....	R. F. ....	Caroline Waterhouse
Tunie Junt.....	L. L. ....	Emily Sanders
Virginia Peterson.....	C. ....	Anna Thompson
Johanna Neilson .....	L. G. ....	Elva Staples
Lecla Ball.....	R. G. ....	Weina Granberg



### JUNIOR GIRLS VS. SOPH. GIRLS.

On January 19, Friday, the Junior Girls and Sophomore girls played a game of basket ball in the school gym. to decide the class championship of the girls' basket ball teams. The Juniors were defeated by a score of 5 to 1. The

game proved to be very exciting and intensely interesting, but superior basket throwing on the part of the class of '14 won the game for them. The stars for the Sophomores were: Jennie Bangsund, Ethel Rich and Blanche Lornsten; while Weina Granberg and Caroline Waterhouse played the game for the Juniors. The line-up was:

Juniors—	Position	Sophomores—
Caroline Waterhouse . . . . .	R. F. . . . .	Ethel Rich
Vivian Suite . . . . .	L. F. . . . .	Blanche Lornsten
Anna Thompson . . . . .	C. . . . .	Jennie Bangsund
Elva Staples . . . . .	L. G. . . . .	Frieda Jones
Weina Granberg . . . . .	R. G. . . . .	Gail Hardesty
Emily Sanders . . . . .	Subs. . . . .	Dorothy Dunbar



R. F.—“Have you seen Alice today?”  
Sherman—“I only saw her shoulder and that was cold.”



Miss B. (after solving difficult equation)—“You see we get  $X = O$ .”  
DeW. G. (drowsily)—“Gee! all that for nothing.”



Visitor (at basket ball game)—“Who is that light-haired girl playing center?”  
W. G.—“Her name is Jennie Bangsund.”  
Visitor—“Good scholar?”  
W. G.—“Well, yes; but I'd a whole lot sooner be her school books than her gym shoes.”



## ALUMNI NOTES.



John C. McCue, '93, is a prominent attorney in Portland.

Miss Clara Barker, '94, is teaching at Taylor School, in this city.

Mrs. Chesman (nee Bowlby), '95, recently visited in Astoria.

Mrs. F. H. Haradon (nee Elmore), '96, left last week for California, where she will spend the rest of the winter.

Mr. Chas. Abercrombie, '97, is practicing law in Portland.

Miss Laura L. Fox, '98, is prominent in musical circles in Portland.

Jessie Sands, 1900, is teaching in the public schools in Portland.

Ross Trullinger, '01, went to Portland, where he is employed by the Armour Company.

Carl Ross, '02, is a physician in one of the large hospitals in New York City.

Mrs. R. Wooden (nee Fastabend), '03, is residing in the Nehalem Valley.

Selma Norberg, '04, has been granted leave of absence from teaching and has gone to study at Monmouth.

Frank Parker, '06, is employed by the General Electric Company at Seattle.

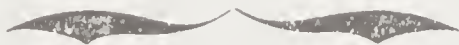
Dr. Percy Tagg, '07, has opened a dental office in San Francisco.

Birdie Wise, '08, is attending the University of Oregon.

Edwin Short, '09, is a student at Annapolis.

Arthur Danielson, '10, has been compelled to discontinue his studies at Stanford on account of illness from which he is now convalescing at his home in this city.

Anson Allen, '11, on account of ill health, did not return to Stanford this semester.

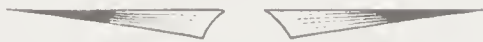




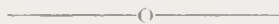
ASK ANYONE IF THEY HAVE EVER SEEN

Miss Hulse's hug-me-tight?  
Stone flunk the Physics class?  
The new Freshmen without a microscope?  
Bob M. flirt?  
Arthur F. "rag"?  
Dorothy E. sing "Oh! You Beautiful Doll"?  
Emma W. debate?  
Dorothy M. and Elva S. tackle Cicero's orations?  
Raleighs Stine's hair?  
Alex Barry blush?  
Miss W. give it to Gearhart?  
Va. ask someone for a story?  
Sherman M. mind his own business?  
Charley E. look at Mignon?  
Henry J. talk to Marie Hay?  
Gail H. and Carl D. together?  
Mr. M. chew his eyeglass string?  
The biscuits the domestic science class makes.  
A ring on their report card?  
The Virgil class recite?  
Harriet Abercrombie at a basket ball game?  
Kate B. when she is mad?  
Mr. C. try to get the right key?

George McC.'s pompadour?  
Prospects for our future football team?  
A pony?  
Miss M. stick up for the Freshies?  
Miss W. miss Constance?  
Jenny B. and Carrie G. stand outside Miss Hulse's door?  
Anybody keep still in library?  
Mignon's curls?  
A conflict?  
The joke editors?  
Any of the new exchanges?  
Alfred G. without that sweater?  
Gearhart throw a basket?  
Elva S. recite in Physics?  
Leola when she's not happy?  
Anybody say: "Is Everybody Happy"?  
Wetzel G. not eating?  
Miss W. in her "gym. togs"?  
Frieda J. and Marie H. with those "bangs"?



Fresh—"Where are you in history now?"  
Soph—"We're on the Diet of Worms."  
Fresh—"I didn't ask you what you were eating."



Leola—"I don't like that song, 'Anchored' at all; it drags so."  
Merrick—"What drags, the anchor?"

## EXCHANGE NOTES.



The "Clarion," Salem, Ore.: Your stories and editorials are very good. Some new cuts would improve the appearance of the paper.

The "Pacific Star," Mt. Angel, Ore.: There is a marked improvement in the stories of the January number but a few more original cuts would make the paper more interesting.

The "Russ," San Diego, Cal.: Is a very neat paper. Why not place all the jokes under "Joshes"?

The "Toka," Grants Pass, Ore. "An Adventure of Three Girls" is a very good story. You have no list of contents and not enough jokes.

The "Ocean Breeze," Aberdeen, Wash., is one of our best exchanges. The cover is worthy of special mention.

The "Spectrum," Oregon City, Ore. Your original cuts and the jokes are very good.

The "Stranger," Vancouver, B. C., is an interesting paper. The same can be said of your jokes as the "Russ."

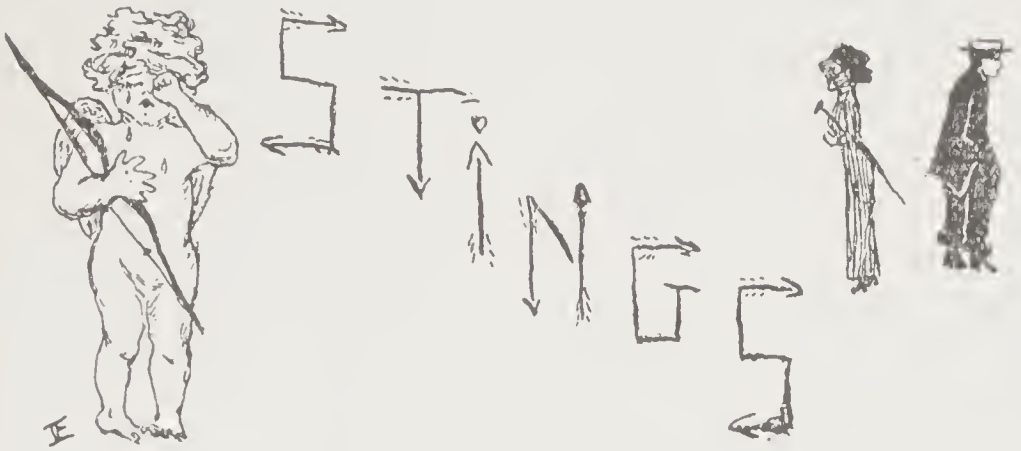
We are always glad to receive "The Oregon Emerald," "O. A. C. Barometer," "The Weekly Index," and "Willamette Collegian."



DeW.—"Do you know there is something awful cute about you?"

D. E.—"No, what is it?"

DeW.—"Me."



# CHEER UP.

If you are like other people—  
 If for some object you strive—  
 If you “flunk” on seventy-four,  
 Next term make it seventy-five.

D. E. (the day after coming from Warrenton)—“I’ll have to take another term of art.”

---

Senior—“I had a dream last night in which my chemistry book seemed to be talking to me.”

Fresh.—“Did you catch anything it said?”

Senior—“Only ‘Chem. again.’ ”

---

Visitor—“Why have those boys got question marks on their sweaters?”

Miss B.—“So they’ll get used to them.”

---

Mr. C.—“Sherman, what is it that determines the shape of your mouth?”  
 (Heard from the back of the room)—“His stomach.”

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Office Phone  
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          { 1 to 5 P. M. }

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**T. O. WITHERS**

Eye Sight Specialist

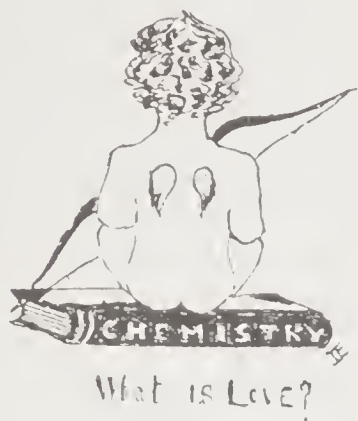
510 Commercial St. Over Jewel Theatre





Senior (handing paper to Editor)—“These jokes are all original; they have never been published before.”

Joke Editor—“I can well believe it.”



---

Mr. J. (in Hist. III)—“Where did Vasco de Gama go?”

F. J. (perplexed)—“Well, do you mean before or after he died?”

---

Miss W.—“Why, I never use all the mathematics I learned in school.”

W. E.—“No, not even in marking the test papers.”

---

“I thought you told me you were playing the heavy part in this new drama?”

“So I am.”

“Why, you don’t even appear on the stage.”

“Oh, yes I do. I am the hind legs of the elephant.”—Ex.

---

Dear Editor: I have often heard of fellows having a corner on wheat and steel, but H. Jeldness is the first fellow that I ever heard of having a corner on “Hay”!

---

#### NOTICE!

Sherman M. has been elected manager of the Ping Pong team.

---

#### HISTORY.

Henry J.—“Why a—a—a— Well, you see a—a—a the constitution  
a ———

Mr. J.—“Henry, I believe you are making history.”

## ONCE AGAIN

---

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FROU FROU—the most delicious  
Wafer—if you don't believe it, we  
can prove it: Ask EAKIN.

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of Carbonated Beverages

Phone 31

538 Duane St.

Fresh.—“Who is the smallest man mentioned in history?”

Soph.—“Don’t know.”

Fresh.—“The Roman soldier who went to sleep on his watch.”

---

Mr. J. (in History I)—“What became of Babylon?”

Freshie—“It fell.”

Mr. J.—“And Nineveh?”

Fresh.—“Destroyed.”

Mr. J.—“And Tyre?”

Fresh.—“Punctured.”

---



LIFE'S LITTLE COMEDY (In Three Acts).

ACT. I. Maid one.

ACT. II. Maid won.

ACT. III. Made one.—Ex.

---

He—“How is Mr. X.?”

She—“Oh, he’s better, he had a bad attack of ptomaine poisoning.”

He—“Which foot was it in?”

---

G. L.—“Yes, your hair is classy, eh?”

G. McC.—“Well, it ought to be; I paid 35c for it.”

---

G. J.—“Say, we are going to have a holiday the 7th of April.”

E. L.—“Are we, how’s that?”

G. J.—“Well, it happens to be a Sunday.”

---

Miss Badollet—“Billy, you can do that a much simpler way.”

W. W.—“I am as simple as I can be, Miss B.”

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New Dress Goods ✧ New Wash Goods

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of Spring Shoes

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hundred years until  
another Centennial.

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Little dabs of paint,  
Make our dearest Freida  
Look like what she ain't."

---



After looking over the Freshman, Jimmy  
M. says: "Holy Smoke! I am a giant long-  
side those kids."

---

Miss H. (in English VIII)—"There is  
a man after my heart."

---

Mr. S. (in Physics)—"Name the different kinds of magnets."

Alex. B.—"Horse-shoe magnet, bar magnet, and railroad magnet."

---

De W. G.—"This room ought to be good for a person's eyes."

Mr. M.—"How is that?"

De W. G.—"Well, they say green is good for the eyes and just look at  
the Freshies."

---

SONG OF THE JOKE EDITORS.

"How Dry I Am!"

---

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# No Time

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## TO WRITE AN 'AD'

---

If You Don't Believe It  
Come in and See

---



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There are very good arguments on both sides of the Question.

Much however depends upon "What's in the Parcel."

If it contains a lot of good fresh Butter, then we are in favor of it; if the Butter is Stale, then there is a "strong" argument against it.

If the Parcel holds a lot of ill-fitting Rags, you don't want it.

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